VISIT…

The Arrow and

the Song

by Henry Wadsworth

Longfellow

I shot an arrow

into the air,

It fell to earth,

I knew not where;

For, so swiftly it

flew, the sight

Could not follow it

in its flight.

I breathed a song

into the air,

It fell to earth,

I knew not where;

For who has sight

so keen and strong,

That it can follow

the flight of song?

Long, long afterward,

in an oak

I found the arrow,

still unbroke;

And the song, from

beginning to end,

I found again in the

heart of a friend.